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BILLY THE KID
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BILLY THE KID
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BILLY THE KID in THE LAST FANDANGO
HIS MEXICAN FRIENDS WARNED BILLY THE KID NOT TO DANCE MORE THAN ONCE WITH THE DARK-EYED BEAUTY THEY CALLED 'LA PRINCESA'... SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF LUIS PINERO... BETROTHED TO AMADEO RUIZ... THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN SONORA!
BILLY THE KID HEARD THEIR WARNINGS ...LOOKED INTO EVALINA PINERO'S DARK EYES... AND DECIDED TO DANCE...
I WEEL KEEL THE GRINGO, HOMBRE!
YOU KNOW WHAT COMES AT THE END OF THE LAST FANDANGO, SEÑORITA?
SI CHIVITO... BUT YOU WOULD NOT DARE!
CANT
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BILLY THE KID

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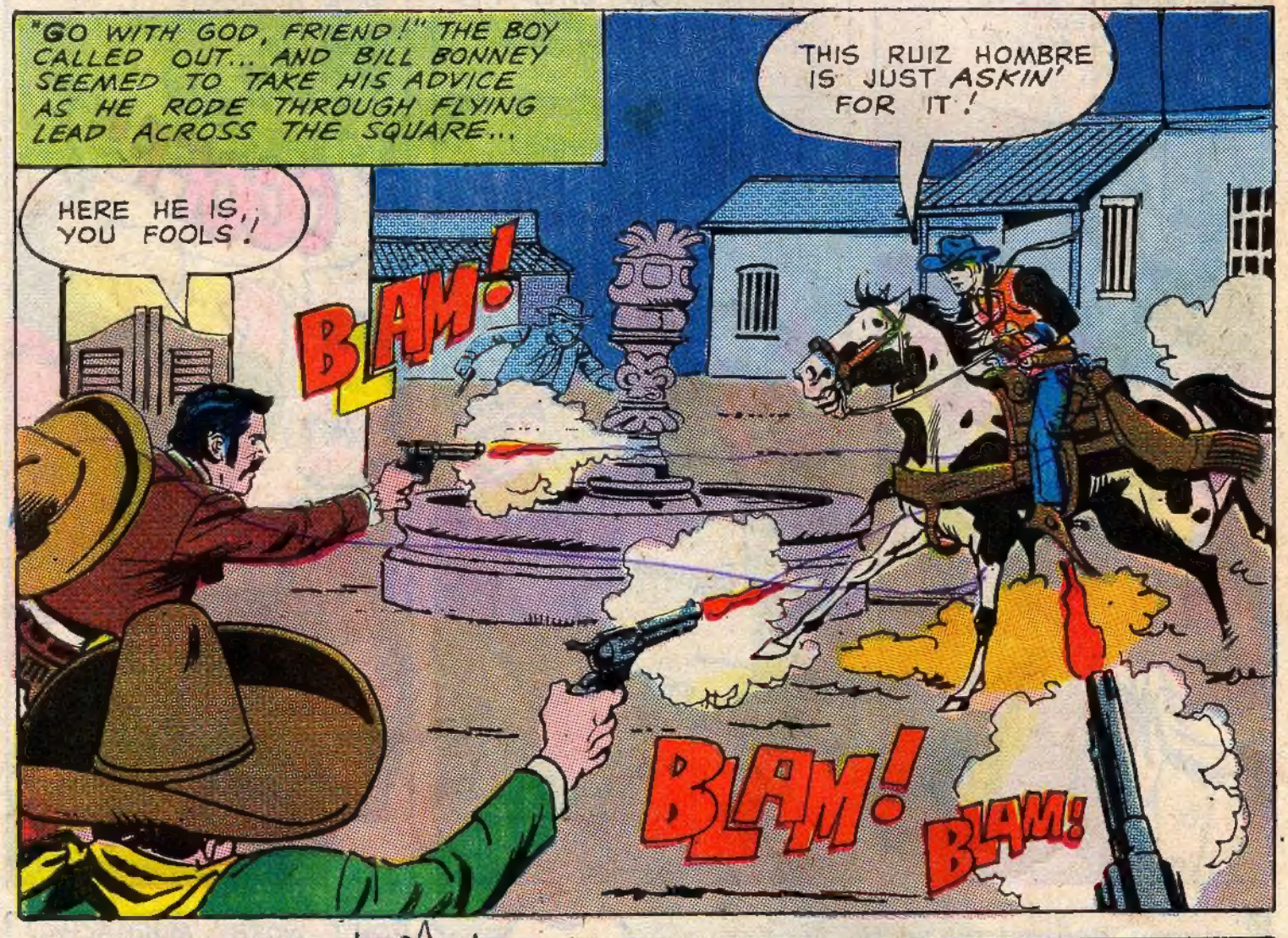
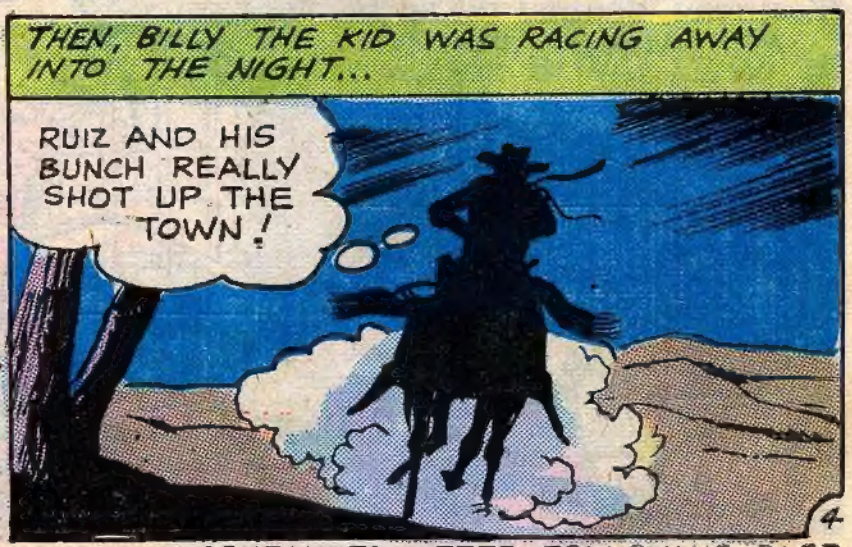
AMADEO RUIZ IS OVER THERE FUSSIN' WITH HIS SIX-GUN... HE'S FIXIN' TO START A FUSS WITH ME ANYHOW...
WHEN THE FANDANGO ENDS...THE HOMBRE MAY CLAIM A KISS FROM THE SEÑORITA!
POR FAVOR, CHIVITO ...DO NOT KEES ME ...HE EES WATCHING!
I KNOW, EVALINA...
... BUT I DON'T CARE!
STAND BACK, CARLOS! THE GRINGO MUST DIE!
PRAY IF YOU KNOW HOW, GRINGO!
THE RURALES WILL GET YOU FOR MURDER IF YOU PULL THE TRIGGER, RUIZ!
HERE, AMIGO... THIS WINE WILL COOL YOU OFF.
YOU ARE A COWARD, GRINGO...I DO NOT WANT YOUR WINE.
2

SEIZE THE TREACHEROUS SWINE!
SPLASH!
THIS IS THE DUMBEST THING I EVER DID!
EL CHIVITO WEEL BE KEELED! WE MUS' HELP HEEM!
A GUN ROARED... BILLY THE KID HAD SHED HIS GUN EARLIER... NOW HE HAD TO OUTRUN THE BULLETS!
BEHIND THE CANTINA, CHIVITO! HURRY!
PEIIING!
PEIING
ONE HUNDRED PESOS TO THE MAN WHO CAPTURES THE GRINGO!
OOOFF!
THUD!
HURRY, SEÑOR! THE BAD MEN WITH AMADEO RUIZ WEEL TRY TO KEEL YOU!
DON'T WORRY, MUCHACHO! A LOT OF GENTS HAVE TRIED TO KILL ME...


"GO WITH GOD, FRIEND!" THE BOY CALLED OUT... AND BILL BONNEY SEEMED TO TAKE HIS ADVICE AS HE RODE THROUGH FLYING LEAD ACROSS THE SQUARE...
THIS RUIZ HOMBRE IS JUST ASKIN' FOR IT!
HERE HE IS, YOU FOOLS!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!



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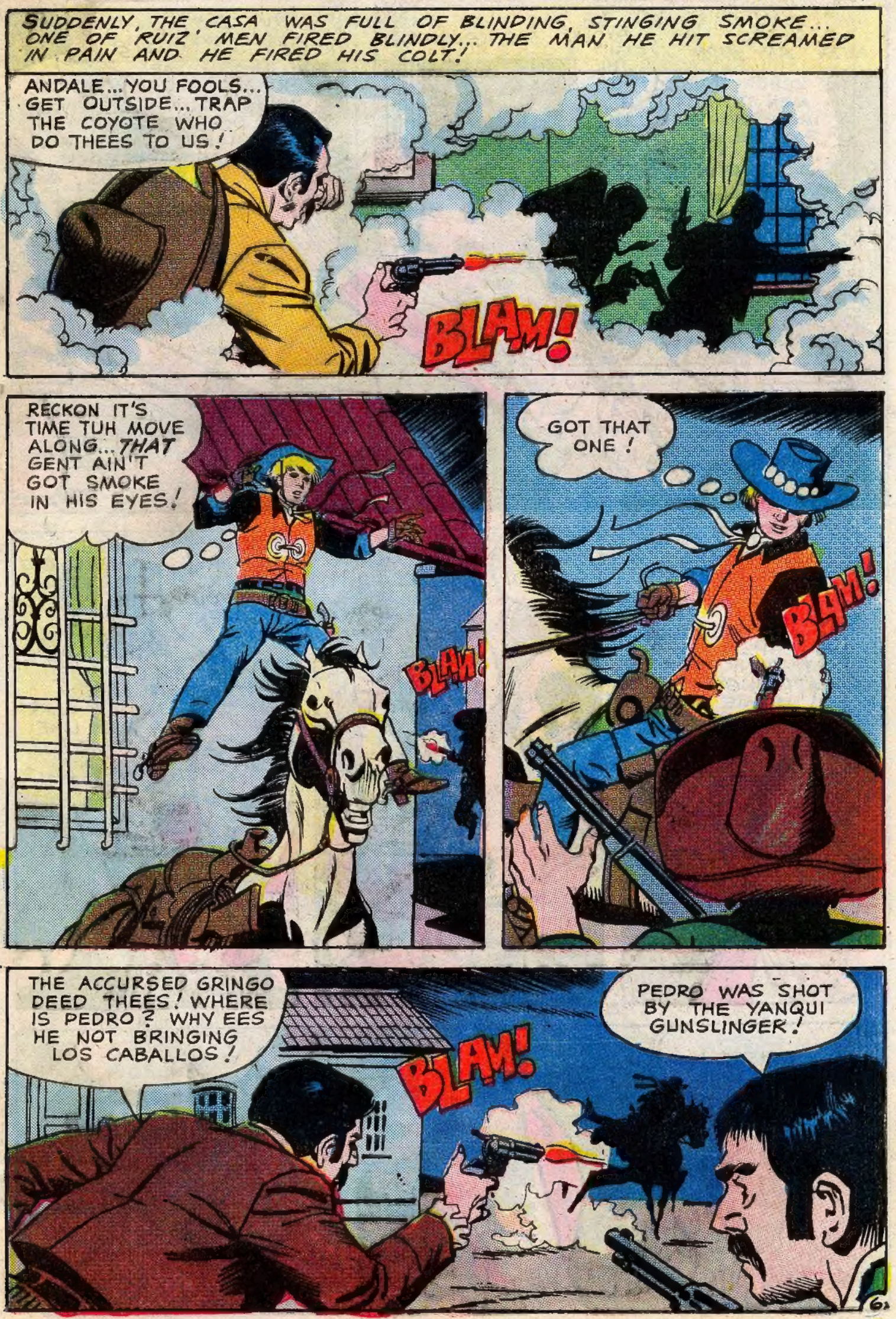
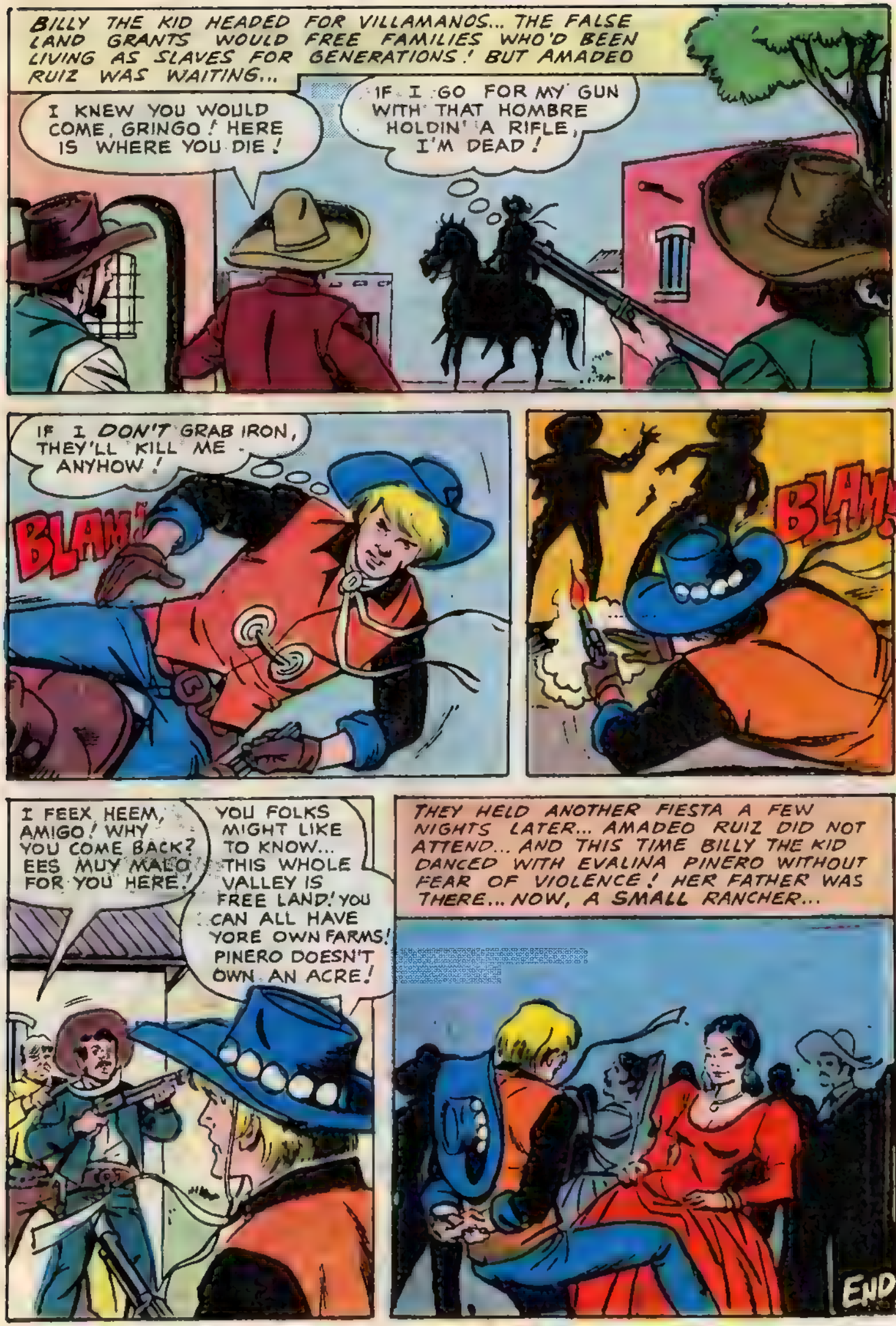
AMADEO RUIZ AND HIS BULLY BOYS PUT ME ON THE RUN...
EVALINA'S FATHER, LUIS PINERO, RULES THIS VALLEY LIKE A KING...
THE POOR PEOPLE AROUND HERE ARE TREATED LIKE ANIMALS ... IT'S ABOUT TIME PINERO AND RUIZ LEARNED THEY'RE NOT KINGS!
IN A FORTRESS-LIKE BUILDING SOUTH OF VILLAMANOS, AMADEO RUIZ MADE PLANS... FOR THE DEATH OF WILLIAM H. BONNEY... THE MAN THEY CALLED 'EL CHIVITO'... SMALL GOAT, OR 'THE KID'...
EL CHIVITO IS A HERO TO THE STUPID FOOLS IN THE VILLAGE! AS LONG AS HE DEFIES US, WE HAVE NO POWER OVER THEM! HE MUS' DIE!
HE'S RUNNING NORTH, AMADEO... HE WEEL CROSS THE RIO GRANDE AND NEVER RETURN!
AT THAT MOMENT, ON TOP OF THE ADOBE BUILDING, THE MAN THEY SOUGHT EMPTIED A HANDFUL OF .45 SLUGS DOWN THE HOT CHIMNEY!
THEY'VE GOT A ROARING FIRE DOWN THERE!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
DUCK! IT IS AN AMBUSH!
ZIIIINNG
ZHINNG!


SUDDENLY, THE CASA WAS FULL OF BLINDING, STINGING SMOKE... ONE OF 'RUIZ' MEN FIRED BLINDLY... THE MAN HE HIT SCREAMED IN PAIN AND HE FIRED HIS COLT!
ANDALE... YOU FOOLS... GET OUTSIDE... TRAP THE COYOTE WHO DO THEES TO US!
BLAM!
RECKON IT'S TIME TUH MOVE ALONG... THAT GENT AIN'T GOT SMOKE IN HIS EYES!
BLAM!
GOT THAT ONE!
BAM!
THE ACCURSED GRINGO DEED THEES! WHERE IS PEDRO? WHY EES HE NOT BRINGING LOS CABALLOS!
BLAM!
PEDRO WAS SHOT BY THE YANQUI GUNSLINGER!

LUIS PINERO, OWNER OF THE HUGE RANCHERO ABOVE THE VILLAGE, HAD SCORES OF MEN AT HIS COMMAND... HE RULED HIS DOMAIN WITH AN IRON FIST...
SEÑOR PINERO, THE MEN DO NOT LIKE AMADEO RUIZ... THEY SAY HE IS A THIEF AND A KILLER... THEY BELIEVE IN EL CHIVITO!
RUIZ KNOWS HOW TO DO THINGS, SANCHEZ! HE WILL RIDE DOWN THIS GRINGO, BEAT MANNERS INTO HIM, AND CHASE HIM BACK WERE HE BELONGS!
I WANT ALL OUR MEN TO ASSIST RUIZ IN HIS SEARCH FOR BONNEY!
THE FOOLS... THEY ALL THINK THIS GRINGO IS SOME SORT OF WONDER MAN!
YOU! THE GRINGO!
THAT'S RIGHT, PINERO! WHILE YORE SEGUNDO WAS GETTIN' ALL YORE MEN READY TO RIDE ON MY TRAIL, I DROPPED IN AT THE BACK GATE!
YOU WILL BE PUNISHED FOR THIS, YOU INSOLENT DOG!
MEBBE SO, PINERO... BUT FIRST I'LL TELL YUH WHAT I THINK OF A FATHER WHO'D LET A FINE GIRL LIKE EVALINA MARRY A MAN LIKE RUIZ!
NO MAN SPEAKS TO ME IN TH...
I JUST DID, PINERO!

YUH CLAIMED THIS LAND ON THE STRENGTH OF ROYAL LAND GRANTS MADE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, PINERO! NOW, LET'S OPEN THAT SAFE... I WANT TO LOOK AT THOSE PAPERS!
NO MAN HAS EVER QUESTIONED THE VALIDITY OF THOSE GRANTS, SENOR!
I AM NOW, PINERO! GET OUT THE PAPERS!
THE DEEDS, ROYAL GRANTS FROM THE KING OF SPAIN, WERE LIKE OTHERS IN MEXICO WHICH HAD GIVEN FAMILIES HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF FINE LAND! BUT IN THIS CASE THE WORDING WAS NOT THE SAME...
YOU SEE? GIVEN BY KING ALPHONSO TO MY ANCESTOR, FOR USE OF HIS DESCENDANTS!
THIS ISN'T THE KIND OF PARCHMENT USED ON THOSE ROYAL LAND GRANTS, PINERO!
QUITE A FEW OF THESE GRANTS WERE FORGED... PRINTED ON PAPER MADE FROM WOOD PULP RIGHT HERE IN MEXICO!
THIS RANCH WILL GO BACK TO PUBLIC LAND, PINERO... YOU'RE NOT THE SOLE OWNER OF THIS VALLEY, THE TOWN, AND EVERYONE IN IT!
WHAT? IT IS A LIE! I AM THE OWNER!
8

YUH USED THE PEOPLE AS SLAVES, PINERO... BUT IT'S OVER NOW!
YOU SAY SO, GRINGO... THAT DOES NOT MAKE IT TRUE!
GET HIM, ANDROS!
I HAVE HEEM, SEÑOR!
NOW, GRINGO... WE SEE WHO LAUGHS NOW!
BILLY THE KID WAS ALONE... HE HAD NO ONE TO HELP HIM... HE THOUGHT BUT...
RUN, BILLY!
HOW DARE YOU INTERFERE, EVALINA!
THUD!
HURRY, BILLY... FATHER IS VERY ANGRY!
I'LL TAKE THE PAPERS, EVALINA... SORRY I HAVE TO DO THIS... YOU WON'T BE CALLED LA PRINCESA FROM NOW ON!
GOT TO GET BACK TO VILLAMANOS... WHEN THE PEOPLE SEE THIS, THEY'LL BE A LAND RUSH!
BLAM!
BLAM!
9


BILLY THE KID HEADED FOR VILLAMANOS... THE FALSE LAND GRANTS WOULD FREE FAMILIES WHO'D BEEN LIVING AS SLAVES FOR GENERATIONS! BUT AMADEO RUIZ WAS WAITING...
I KNEW YOU WOULD COME, GRINGO! HERE IS WHERE YOU DIE!
IF I GO FOR MY GUN WITH THAT HOMBRE HOLDIN' A RIFLE, I'M DEAD!
IF I DON'T GRAB IRON, THEY'LL KILL ME ANYHOW!
BLAM!
BLAM!
I FEEX HEEM, AMIGO! WHY YOU COME BACK? EES MUY MALO FOR YOU HERE!
YOU FOLKS MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW... THIS WHOLE VALLEY IS FREE LAND! YOU CAN ALL HAVE YORE OWN FARMS! PINERO DOESN'T OWN AN ACRE!
THEY HELD ANOTHER FIESTA A FEW NIGHTS LATER... AMADEO RUIZ DID NOT ATTEND... AND THIS TIME BILLY THE KID DANCED WITH EVALINA PINERO WITHOUT FEAR OF VIOLENCE! HER FATHER WAS THERE... NOW, A SMALL RANCHER...
END

THE YOUNG OF THE BOOTHILL GAZETTE

TEXAS --- 1884

Young

THE EDITORIAL BY MAX COGSWELL DENOUNCED THE CATTLE BARONS FOR HOGGING THE FERTILE VALLEYS! THE EDITOR OF THE BOOTHILL GAZETTE URGED HOMESTEADERS TO FILE CLAIMS ON THE U.S. GOVERNMENT OWNED LAND.. BUT, ABEL YOUNG SAW WHAT HAPPENED WHEN LAND-HUNGRY FARMERS TRIED TO FILE ON A SECTION!

YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE SODBUSTER!

LAND

JUDD MELTON'S GUNSLINGERS WON'T LET ANYONE ENTER THE LAND OFFICE!

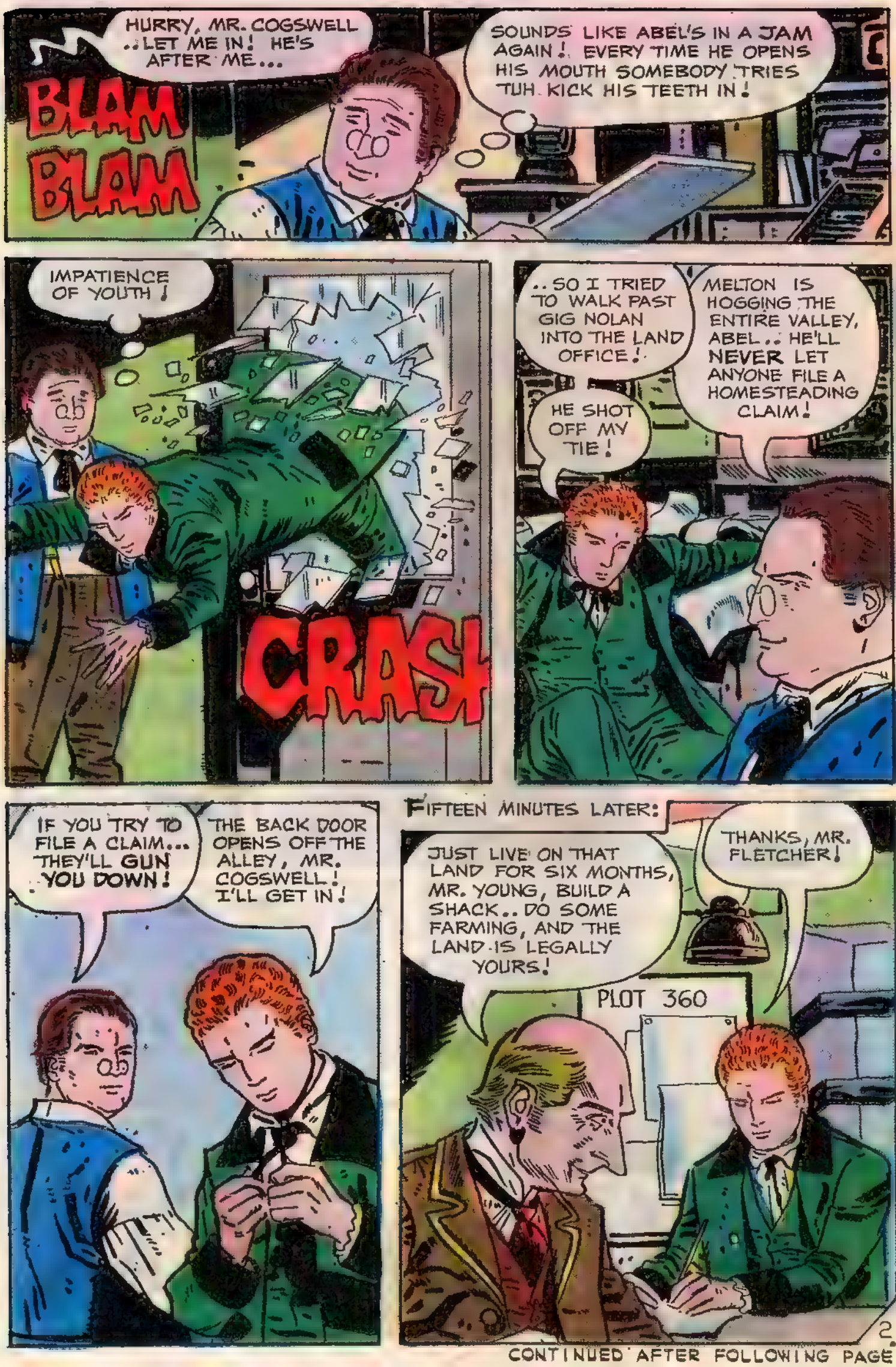
I INTEND TO WALK IN THAT DOOR, NOLAN! I AM A NEWSPAPER-MAN.. IF YOU KILL ME .. YOU'LL HANG!

MEBBE... BUT - AT LEAST YOU.. ...

.. WON'T WRITE THE STORY...

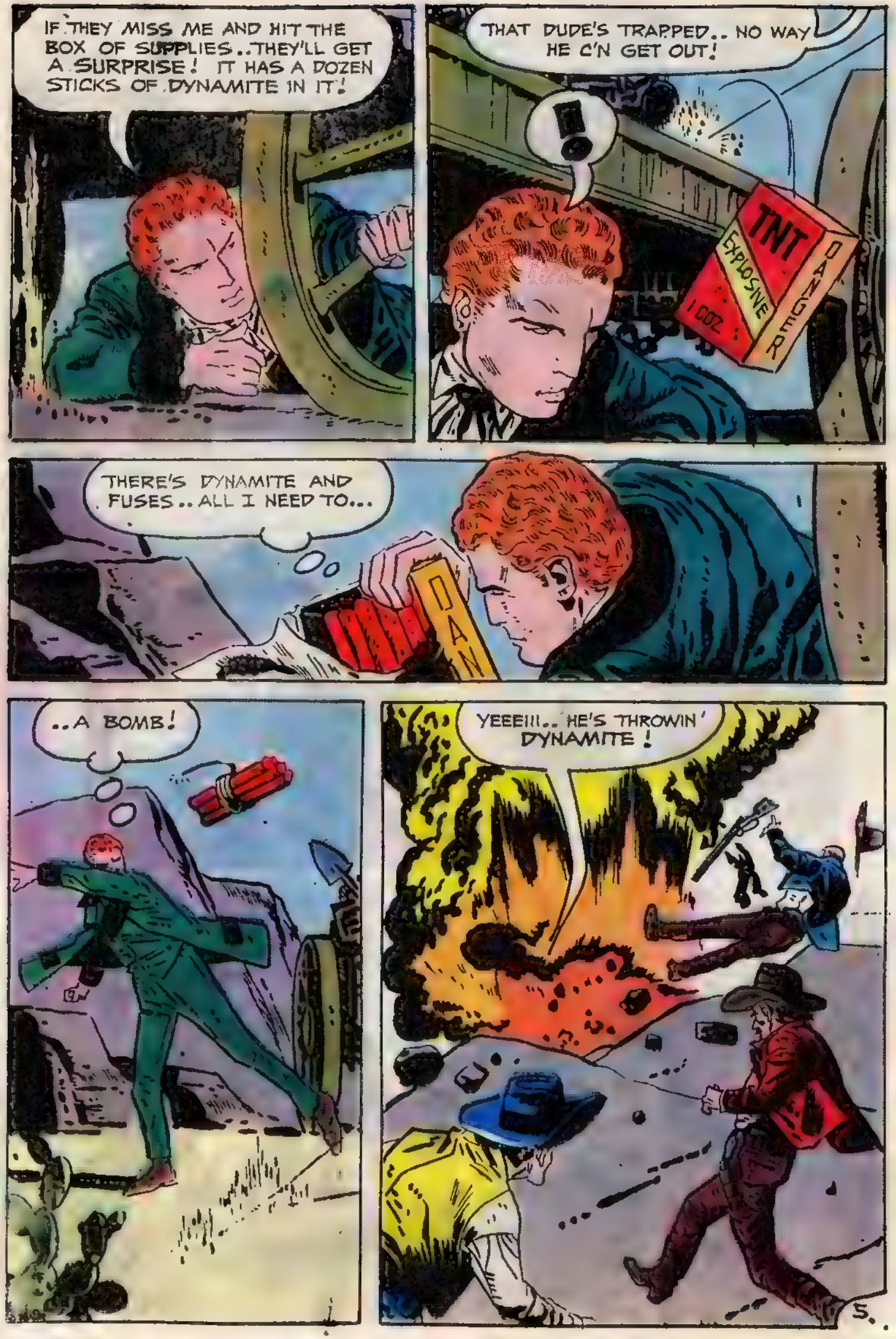
D-3294

1

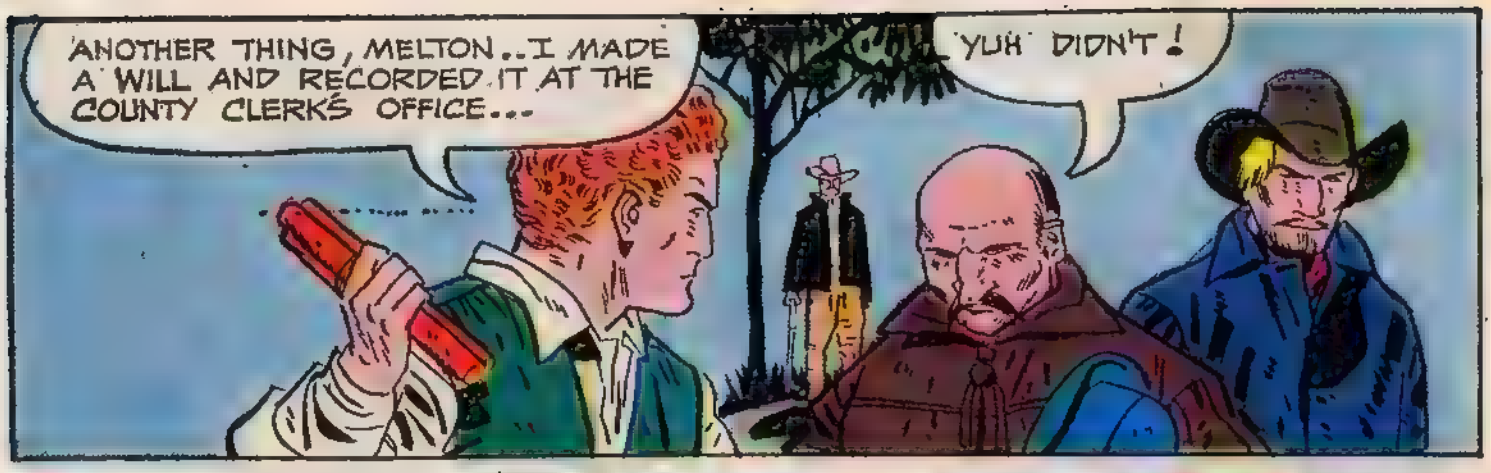

HURRY, MR. COGSWELL ..LET ME IN! HE'S AFTER ME...
BLAM BLAM
SOUNDS LIKE ABEL'S IN A JAM AGAIN! EVERY TIME HE OPENS HIS MOUTH SOMEBODY TRIES TUH KICK HIS TEETH IN!
IMPATIENCE OF YOUTH!
CRASH
..SO I TRIED TO WALK PAST GIG NOLAN INTO THE LAND OFFICE!
HE SHOT OFF MY TIE!
MELTON IS HOGGING THE ENTIRE VALLEY, ABEL.. HE'LL NEVER LET ANYONE FILE A HOMESTEADING CLAIM!
IF YOU TRY TO FILE A CLAIM... THEY'LL GUN YOU DOWN!
THE BACK DOOR OPENS OFF THE ALLEY, MR. COGSWELL! I'LL GET IN!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER:
JUST LIVE ON THAT LAND FOR SIX MONTHS, MR. YOUNG, BUILD A SHACK.. DO SOME FARMING, AND THE LAND IS LEGALLY YOURS!
THANKS, MR. FLETCHER!
PLOT 360
2.
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

MELTON'S GUNMAN WAITING TO SHOOT DOWN WOULD-BE HOMESTEADERS!
THE NEWSPAPER DUDE! WHADDYA... WERE YOU IN THERE?
YES..
..AND NOW - I'M GOING TO LEAVE!
WELL..I DID IT..I FILED A CLAIM! I'M GOING TO LIVE HERE... ON THIS SECTION!
YOU DUNDERHEAD! THAT'S SMAK IN THE MIDDLE OF JUDD MELTON'S RANGE!
YES, AND THE ONLY WATER UP THERE IS ON.. MY CLAIM!

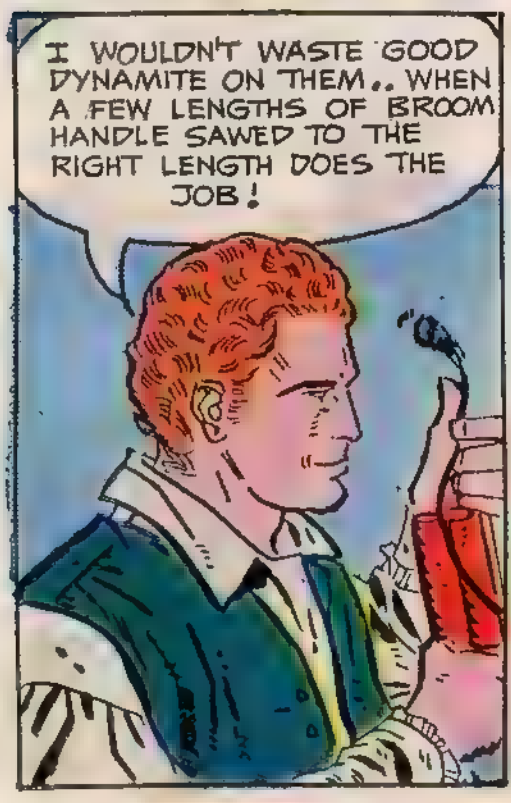
I DEEPLY REGRET HAVING TO RESIGN MY POSITION WITH THE BOOTHILL GAZETTE, MR. COGSWELL, BUT A HIGHER DUTY CALLS AND...
DON'T MAKE A SPEECH, ABEL!
AND..YOU'RE STILL ON THE PAYROLL! I WANT YOU TO DO A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE HAZARDS OF HOMESTEADING IN BOOTHILL VALLEY!
IF YOU ..ER.. LIVE THAT LONG!
A SHORT TIME LATER, ABEL YOUNG, HOMESTEADER, WAS HEADING NORTH TOWARD HIS NEW HOME!
TELL MR. MELTON THE NEWSPAPER DUDE IS GONNA TAKE UP A CLAIM ON DEER CREEK! MAKE TRACKS!
BLAO
THE SHOT CAME FROM THE ROCKS ABOVE THE ROAD.. ABEL YOUNG LEAPED FOR COVER AS THE RIFLE BOOMED AGAIN...
SPLAT
A.


IF THEY MISS ME AND HIT THE BOX OF SUPPLIES..THEY'LL GET A SURPRISE! IT HAS A DOZEN STICKS OF DYNAMITE IN IT!
THAT DUDE'S TRAPPED.. NO WAY HE C'N GET OUT!
!
TNT
EXPLOSIVE
1 DOZ.
DANGER
THERE'S DYNAMITE AND FUSES.. ALL I NEED TO...
DAN
..A BOMB!
YEEEIII.. HE'S THROWIN' DYNAMITE!
5.

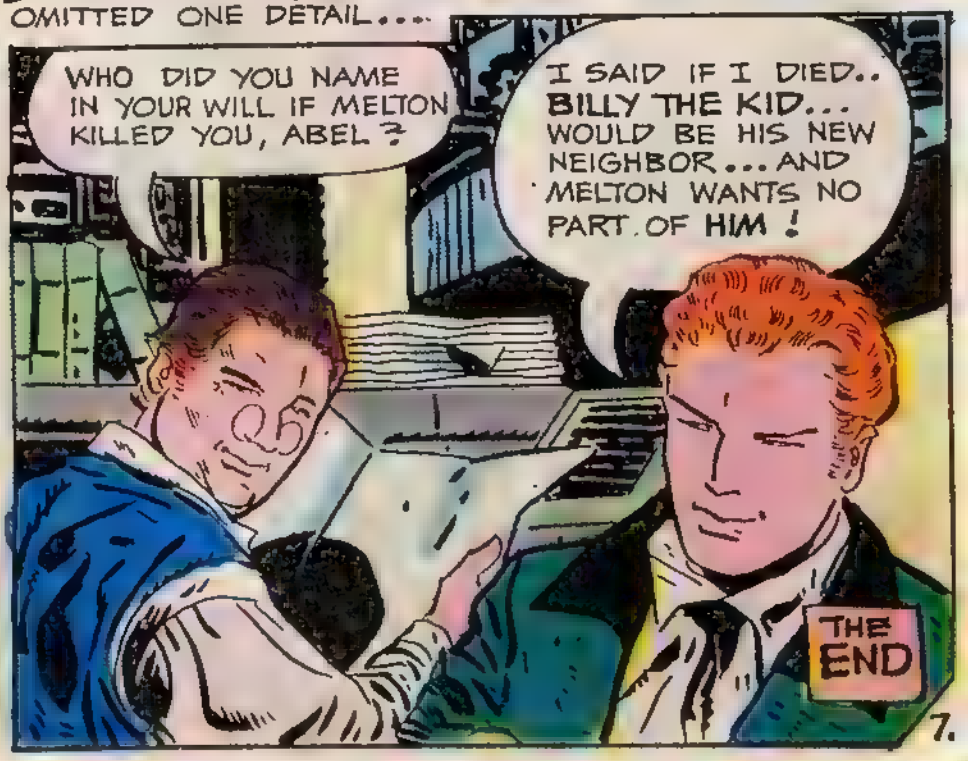
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION CAUSED BY HIS SURPRISE BOMB ATTACK, ABEL DRIVES ON TO HIS CLAIM...
WHAT A PLACE TO BUILD A HOME! FINE LAND .. PLENTY OF WATER.. BUT ROTTEN NEIGHBORS!
SAVE YORESELF SOME TROUBLE, TENDERFOOT.. DON'T DRIVE ANY MORE STAKES!
WELL..THE MISTER MELTON .. AND HIRED KILLERS!
I DON'T MIND TROUBLE, MR. MELTON! THE MORE I HAVE, THE BETTER MY STORY WILL BE!
YOU.. WON'T WRITE THAT STORY!
MR. MELTON.. BEFORE I LEFT TOWN... REPUTABLE CITIZENS INSPECTED ALL MY POSSESSIONS AND MADE A DEPOSITION ..I HAVE NO FIRE-ARMS OR WEAPONS OF ANY SORT!
WHY?
SO I CAN DO THIS..
HOLD IT, DUKE ..IF THE DUDE GETS SHOT.. WE'LL SWING FOR MURDER ..EVERYONE IN BOOTHILL KNOWS HE'S UNARMED!
6.



STILL, THEY HESITATED.. SO ABEL YOUNG ONCE MORE MADE USE OF DYNAMITE TO RESOLVE HIS PROBLEMS..
RUN, YOU DUMMY!
HE'S THROWING DYNAMITE AGAIN!



IN ABEL'S STORY, HE RELATED HIS TROUBLES BUT HE OMITTED ONE DETAIL....


WHO DID YOU NAME IN YOUR WILL IF MELTON KILLED YOU, ABEL?
I SAID IF I DIED.. BILLY THE KID... WOULD BE HIS NEW NEIGHBOR... AND MELTON WANTS NO PART OF HIM!
THE END

Deputy Sheriff's Corner

Dear Deputy Sheriff:

I am nineteen years of age. And I have just finished my Hunter's Safety Course. I intend to go deer hunting this coming season. Maybe you could tell me something from your hunting experiences that would help me.

Cordially yours,
Frank D

****

Hi, Pardner!

This particular hunting trip turned out to be a Comedy of Errors. Of course in a hunting trip, an error or a mistake can have some tragic consequences. But this one taught us all a good lesson. It started with Bill who informed us:

"There's a stretch of state land open this year. That very few people know about. And we'll each get a deer. Want to be in on it?"

And Mike listened attentively and then added his bit to the conversation:

"Not too far for us to make it there and back in one day. We can go this Saturday. I have to be back for Sunday."

And then I put in my two cents for I wanted to go deer hunting that day:

"If we leave at three in the morning, we can make it by seven. We use the new state highway. Last twenty miles are on country roads which are good. So I say we have a deal. Whose car do we use?"

It seemed that each of us assumed that the other fellow had been up in this area and knew all about it. We used Mike's station wagon. We got off the main highway before seven in the morning. There was a sign directing us to our destination. We parked our car. Maybe we should have been a bit suspicious. Ours was the only car there. We figured other hunters would come later in the morning.

Perhaps some old fellow had died and willed this tract of land to the state. Maybe they got it in some kind of land deal. They should have opened it to mountain climbers, not to hunters. You climbed almost straight up. At least that is how it looked to us. On the right of us were thick trees. You couldn't see through them, around them, or over them. Maybe the deer were there. If so, then they were probably laughing at us.

Mike slipped once and we realized we needed a rope like they do in Switzerland. And finally our rifles seemed to get heavier and heavier.

"Next time I go hunting, I put a sling on my rifle," said Bill.

"Let's call it quits," I suggested. "We start home while we have some energy left. We may be on the wrong tract of land at that."

Now, if I get an invitation to go hunting to a place I have never been before, I ask:

"Have you ever been up to that area before?"

If in the positive I decide whether or not to accept the invitation. However, if in the negative: NO! There are hotels that have land open for the hunters who stay at the place.

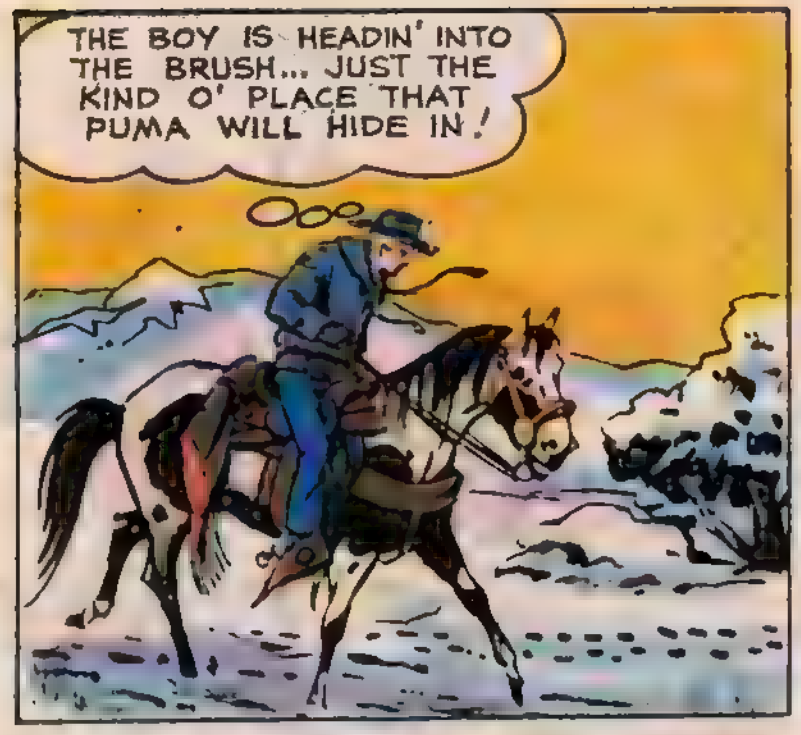
Why not go up before the season starts? So pay a few dollars and get somebody who knows the ins-and-outs to go out with you for a few hours. That brings up the point about hiring a guide. You have to know just what it is you expect from a guide. We once had an expert guide-but the deer just weren't around. If you want the guide to show you where he feels the deer may be running, that's one thing. If you have an idea it's his job to deliver a deer to you, that's something else.

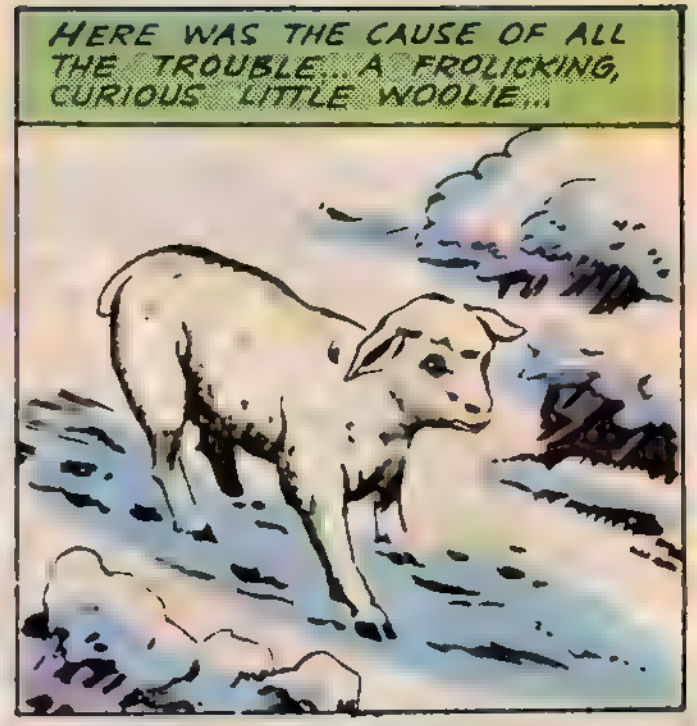
We made a dry run of an area. One fellow made a good rough map of the terrain. What pitfalls to avoid. Landmarks to be remembered. And just in case you get lost, the map and a compass should set you straight.

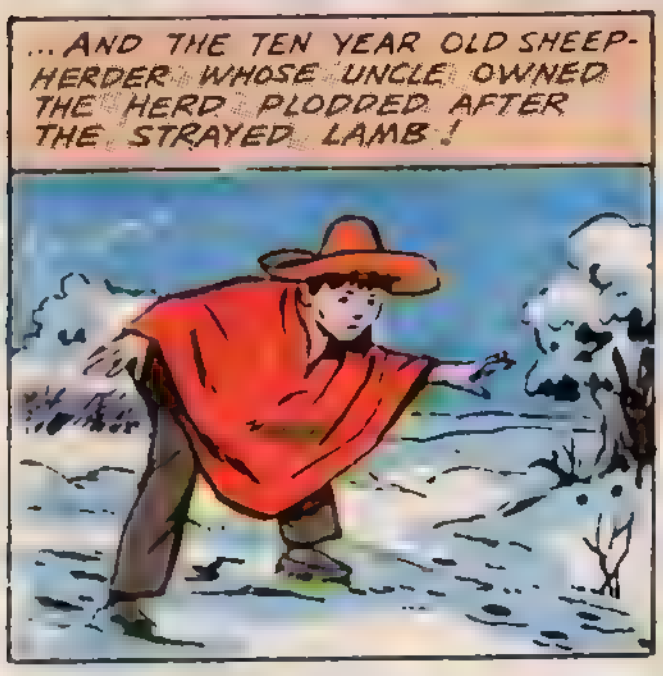
Quit before you get overtired. Funny thing, but when a hunter gets fatigued, he's liable to do some peculiar things. Like imagining he sees a deer, when it is only the farmer's cow. Or gets careless and forgets that leaves on the ground can be filling in a hole. With a sprained or broken ankle as the payoff. Happy hunting to you.

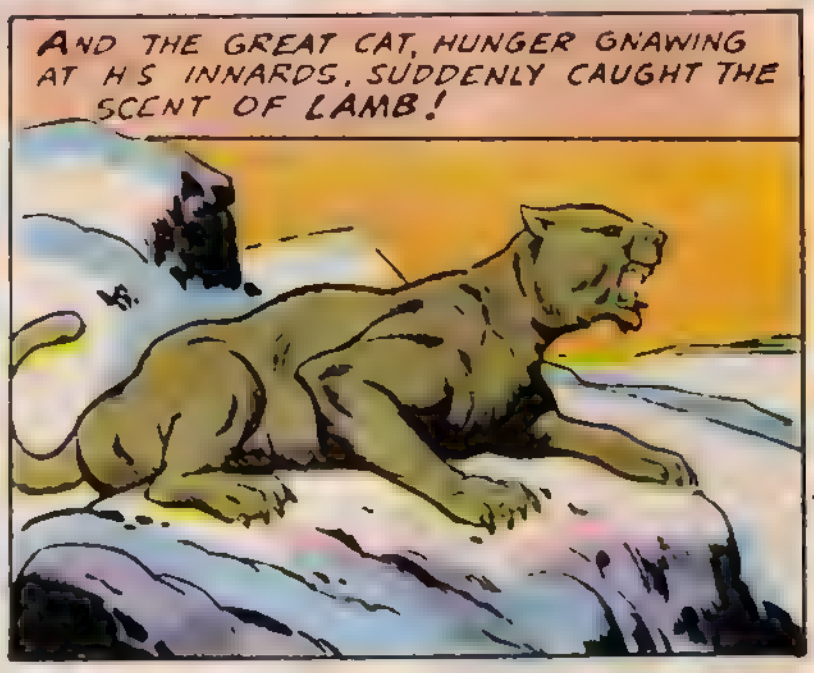
The Deputy Sheriff

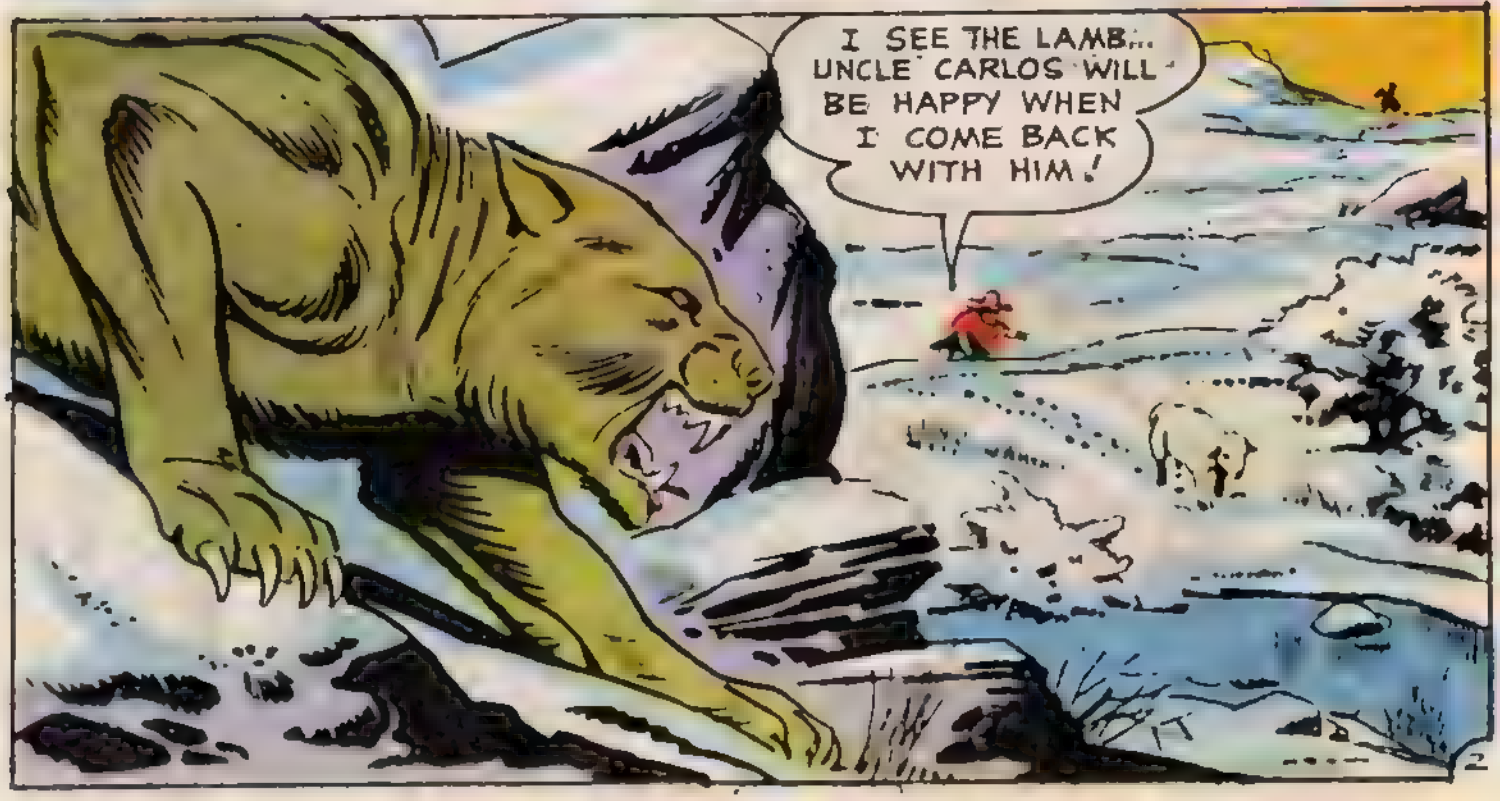
A JANUARY STORM HAD CARPETED THE FOOTHILLS WITH A FEW INCHES OF SNOW AND BILLY THE KID HUDDLED DEEPER IN HIS SHEEPSKIN AS HE KNEED HIS BRONC ACROSS THE RIDGE! TO THE SOUTH A HERD OF WOOLIES SCRAPED AWAY THE SNOW AND GRAZED ...AND SLANTING UP ACROSS THE HILL WERE TRACKS OF A SHEEP AND...
BILLY THE KID in
TRACK of a KILLER
HMMM...ONE O' THE WOOLIES GOT AWAY...THE SHEEP HERDER LEFT THE DOG FOR SOME REASON...HE'S TRACKIN' THE LAMB!
D-3292
ONLY THING WRONG IS... THERE'S A MOUNTAIN LION UP THE VALLEY!
GAME IS SCARCE... THAT BIG CAT WILL GRAB THE LAMB... AND IF THE BOY GETS IN THE WAY...
GIDDAP!


THE BOY IS HEADIN' INTO THE BRUSH... JUST THE KIND O' PLACE THAT PUMA WILL HIDE IN!


HERE WAS THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE.. A FROLICKING, CURIOUS LITTLE WOOLIE...


...AND THE TEN YEAR OLD SHEEP-HERDER WHOSE UNCLE OWNED THE HERD PLODDED AFTER THE STRAYED LAMB!


AND THE GREAT CAT, HUNGER GNAWING AT HIS INNARDS, SUDDENLY CAUGHT THE SCENT OF LAMB!


I SEE THE LAMB... UNCLE CARLOS WILL BE HAPPY WHEN I COME BACK WITH HIM!

NOW, I CATCH HIM...
GOT HI... MISSED!
YOU WAIT TILL I GET YOU, DUMBHEAD!
THE SITUATION WAS GETTING WORSE... BILLY THE KID SLIPPED THE WINCHESTER FROM ITS SCABBARD AS HE SPURRED THE CAYUSE INTO A RUN!
3

I'M GETTIN' CLOSE... I SHOULD FIND THE BOY PRETTY QUICK!
THUD!
WATCH IT!
WHAT A TIME TUH SPILL!
WHERE'S THE WIN-CHESTER? GOT TO GET TO THAT BOY PRONTO!
ACROSS THE RAVINE, BILLY THE KID HEARD A SOUND THAT FROZE THE BLOOD IN HIS VEINS... THE COUGH-ING GROWL OF A FULL-GROWN PUMA!
ARRRRRGH!
IT'S THE MOUNTAIN LION... HE'S AFTER THE BOY!
4.

THERE'S THE LA... OH, NO!
¡VAMOS! GO AWAY!
THE BOY WAS FRIGHTENED... BUT HIS UNCLE CARLOS HAD TOLD HIM TO PROTECT THE SHEEP... AND THE BOY, CHICO PINA, GRABBED THE LITTLE WOOLIE AND DEFIED THE GIANT CAT!
GO AWAY!
IF I FIRE FROM HERE AND WOUND THE CRITTER, HE'LL TEAR THE BOY APART!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

BILLY FIRED FAST... THREE SHOTS... OVER THE PUMA'S HEAD... TO DISTRACT THE HUGE CAT!
THE CRITTER'S STARVIN' OTHERWISE HE'D BE RUNNIN' BY NOW!
ZINNG ZINNG
BLAM! BLAM!
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, SONNY... YOU RUN!
BANG BANG
AAARRGG!
DON'T CRY, AMIGO.... YOU'RE SAFE NOW!
I AM NOT AFRAID... I GOT SOMETHING IN MY EYE, I THINK! NOW I WILL TAKE BACK THE LITTLE ONE TO THE HERD!
BUT BILLY THE KID DIDN'T LET HIM WALK...
END